

# The Echo

VOL. 12

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TAYLOR UNIVERSITY

The  
Quill  
Club  
Edition

APRIL 21, 1925

H. J. HIGGINS



Spring has come! Let us rejoice!

The spring revival services, which were held during the opening days of the spring term are over for another year, but let us pray that the spirit of the revival will last through the term. We are rejoicing for the ministry done by Rev. and Mrs. John Thomas. Let us march on and serve our blessed Master every step of the way.

Miss Wenifred Mallonee, from Decatur, Indiana, has been visiting several weeks with her aunt and uncle Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Jones.

Mrs. J. C. Jennings from Ft. Wayne and Mrs. Florence Pickard and son Harold from Roanoke, Indiana were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Jennings.

Rev. Chas. A. Jacobs, an evangelist from Charlotte, Michigan, and Misses Thelma McFadden and Erma Robinson from Portland, Indiana, were the guests of Mr. Travis Purdy last Friday.

Dr. and Mrs. A. N. Lawrason, daughter Florence and son Robert, from Lansing, Michigan, were the guests of the formers son N. B. Lawrason, for several days.

Miss Bertha Pollitt, from Lansing, Michigan, has enrolled in school for the spring term.

Mr. and Mrs. Allbright, graduates of Taylor University, accompanied by Miss Mildred Allen, pastor Friends Church at Upland, were recent guests at the Moody Bible Institute.

Prof. George Lee of Central College, Pella, Iowa, formerly professor of Greek at Taylor University, recently visited at the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, renewing acquaintance with Mrs. Newton Wray of the Institute staff, and Miss Florence Cobb and Miss Elizabeth Dancy of Wheaton College, Wheaton, Ill., all of whom were formerly on the Taylor University staff.

### "Banquete Cosmopolitan"

On the evening of March 14, the Cosmopolitan Club of Taylor University held its annual banquet in the Home Room. Nine various nations in all, were represented by fifteen foreign students now in attendance at Taylor.

The room was decorated with exquisite finish. Flags of each nation represented were displayed. The atmosphere they created was one symbolic of a world reunion. Added to this, the effect of many national colors and emblems made a harmonious blend of international tastes.

The tables were richly spread with Oriental delicacies, such as viands, rice, soup—all prepared after the common choice of China, India and Japan.

The program was very simple. It consisted of a few expressions of individual sentiments. Mr. Diaz sang a little spicy "romanza" as an introductory number. Then a poem written by Mr. David Clench was read by Mr. Alojado. The poem was the author's expression of his deep passion for a human soul. Dr. Glasier, who was with his family as our guest, spoke on the universality of the love of Christ—love that a Saxon shares for the Hindu or the less fortunate African.

The last part of the program was a series of religious duets. Mr. Clench's fiddle strings showered the Home Room with music that found silent encores in our hearts. The delicate "thrum thrummings" from the guitar of Mr. Diaz intensified the hymns' devotional suavity. But at last—the last song ceased. Into our minds and hearts and souls, it crept—into our lives made more joyful by its message. Into a chorus of voices . . . . .

"When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain;  
But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again."

—M. E. A.

### DR. A. P. GOUTHEY LECTURES ON WORLD PROBLEMS

Tuesday, March 31, we were privileged to hear the Rev. Mr. A. P. Gouthey speak to us from our chapel platform. He gave us a very entertaining as well as instructive lecture.

He spoke on "Men and World Crises" For a text he chose the two passages of scripture, "In those days came John the Baptist" and "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John".

As far back as can be traced, the history of the world has been a history of crises. We now have come to another world crisis, far reaching in its final consequences, and which eclipses all others. Students are aware of the fact, and they wonder what is to be the hope of civilization fifty years hence. The present crisis is not a result of the war but has rather been accelerated by it. People are very conscious of it. Students have sought in vain for a remedy.

We have a disastrous habit of vague thinking and we use words which mean nothing. The term, 'world democracy' is all right for an orator and it marks him as learned, but frankly, such a term has no meaning. There is no such a thing and there is no prospect of such a thing. The United States is the only nation which is seriously trying the experiment. Russia with its millions, after the war, went from her religion and superstition to atheism, and certain statesmen are safe to venture that eighty per cent or more are atheists—they have what they desire, freedom of thought. About sixty-five per cent or more are illiterate, half starved and with no government. With that nation, with such vast resources and in such a condition there is no such a thing as world democracy.

The South American picture is no better. Sixty per cent are illiterate, and have gone from Romanism to atheism. Mexico and Japan are in the

(Continued on page 12).

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## CHRONICLES

March 10—S. Park's Cadman Lyceum number. Eureka-Eulog. Debate.

March 11—Prof. Boggs leads girl's chapel.

March 12—What happened? We've forgotten. Do you know?

March 13—Luckless Friday the 13th. Intercollegiate debate with Marion.

March 14—Cosmopolitan Club Banquet.

March 15—Thirteen weeks to Baccalaureate.

March 17—We learn more in these days than in the three preceding months.

March 18—Excitement ahead.

March 19—Exams!! The professors learn some new things.

March 20—Last of intelligent looking (?) papers handed in.

March 21—Welcome spring.

March 22—Happy birthday "Ginger."

March 23—Vacation.

March 24—Meetings begin.

March 25—Registration for Spring Term.

March 27—Meetings continue. Girls talk..

March 28—Weekly housecleaning.

March 29—Illustrated lecture on India.

March 30—Field men address chapel.

March 31—Rev. A. P. Gouthie visits Taylor. "Ohio" dinner party.

## IN CHAPEL

One day last week we were privileged to hear the Rev. Mr. Winfred Altvater in chapel. Rev. Altvater is pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Huron, Ohio.

He spoke from the first and second Chapters of 1 Corinthians.

There is considerable to be said about church work in an educational institution. In many of our schools there is an education that does not lead to God. There is a relationship between man and God. This is what God is most interested in. To this end is the word written. The preaching of the cross is to them that perish, foolishness, but to them that are saved it becomes the power of God. Thus we can come to understand an abundance of wisdom. It is a clear outline by which we come into possession of the power of salvation. God takes the foolish things of this world to confound the wise and the purpose is that no flesh should glory in His presence.

God is ahead of us as far as any thing man has accomplished is concerned, consequently we have to go to Him as the true source of knowledge. We can not find God by searching. God on the other hand is searching for man. We have to see with the eye of faith to understand all these mysteries. Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. He has already revealed these things to us who see by the eye of faith. This is the source of hope. We have blessing in this life if we see this thing God hath revealed to us to give us real life. The argument of Paul is clear. The natural man understandeth not the things of God for they are spiritually discerned.

Science has no contrast with Spiritual life. When we step into spiritual life by the new birth, we are in a new realm, therefore until then eye hath not seen. Scientists can find out as many facts as they want to. Yet we must cling to the Bible to get anywhere in our spiritual life.

People everywhere are stressing education. It is a hard thing to stand against the present teaching. Let students in their early years, become well grounded in the word of God, then they can go into other colleges and have the greatest privileges in the world, in bringing the teaching they

receive into strict account with the teaching of God's word which is an authority, and always has been. People have not always been teaching the truth. Search the Scriptures and find out what God has to say. The reading of God's word is the most important part of any service. Let God speak to us. In these quiet meditations He has a chance to get into our lives and to make us into wonderful lives.

We can not understand all, but there is no conflict between real science and God. The same God who made the universe wrote the words, and can understand it! What have you in the Old Testament? We can see how God has worked out the finest chronology in the world, every one from Adam to Christ, has been accounted for. God speaks in a word regarding the rest of time. We can believe the story of Genesis or of the virgin birth, for the word of God is authority. We can not explain why God does things in nature as He does but He does. God establishes a certain law that every thing conforms to.

Lots of people today tune in on the radio and hear from great distances. Yet in the old days, and even now, there are people who do not believe in prayer. They say that prayer does not amount to very much. But God has been using a wonderful system throughout the ages which man has known nothing about. Every material thing in existence has certain vibrations. There are eleven octaves to which man's bearing is confined. When sixteen octaves are rendered we have radio, forty-nine octaves are heat and sixty-four are light. The spheres of the heavens are singing. We believe all these scientific facts, why not believe in prayer, for it is the most marvelous of all. On the resurrection day, Christ will call and we will hear, regardless of the fact that the ear drum is the first organ to decay, and Lazarus had been dead three days yet when Christ called him he came forth, and if Christ had not called him by name, probably all would have heard the voice of the Son of God.

God has given us great privileges, for which we ought to be thankful. The man of God who takes the open word and figures out these things, has great cause for relying on God. God has revealed already great things to those who love Him.

—D. C. A.

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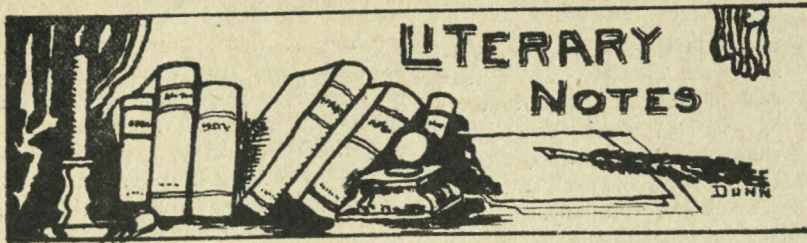
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# ERVIN'S

HARTFORD CITY, IND.





## Contributed by The Quill Club

WE MEET AGAIN  
(Prof. A. E. Stanley)

A year's gone by—we meet again,  
With happy heart we greet  
The Literati of T. U.—  
Their looks demure, discreet,  
As pilgrims true, at Art's own shrine.  
To counsel at her feet.

We meet again—a joyous crowd,  
Each bound to pay the cost  
Of playing with the Muse's flame  
And by her arrows crossed,  
Which prick us to a worthy task—  
Love's labor's never lost.

A joyous crowd with hearts at ease,  
A common goal our aim—  
To form a 'charm'ed circle rare,  
A 'poet's court' a 'hall of fame',  
In which harp souls with strings  
atune  
May catch the kindling flame.

With hearts at ease, each yields his  
part,  
For here, perchance, may spring  
A worthy bard from our own midst,  
A scion of the ring  
That circle round Eolia's harp  
Forever there to sing.

Each yields his part—a joy, in truth,  
For those who love fine art,  
Who want the cream in thought and  
word  
With music of the heart,  
Nor count the price that it may bring  
Out in the world's cold mart.

A joy in truth, if here we find  
High thoughts enthroned within,  
And wisdom with pellucid garb,  
Appreciation's kin,  
And courtesy with truthfulness—  
With these our Club will win.

Then, welcome, welcome once again,  
Ye kings and queens of heart,  
Who hold within your pen's gold tip  
The secrets of the art  
That, mightier than the proudest  
sword,  
The things of life impart.

To HERBERT THOMAS BLODGETT  
President of Quill Club  
(Prof. A. E. Stanley)

The snows of years are on your head,  
The fire of thought beams in your eye,  
And in your heart a genial glow,  
Our President.

The crown of glory on your head  
Makes mortal man to stop and sigh  
And almost wish life had no foe,  
Our President.

The hoard of thoughts in mind well  
fed,  
The lambent flame within the eye,  
Are yours per se. God spoke it so—  
Our President.

But love with banner overhead,  
When night comes on and veils the  
sky,  
Sheds far and wide its genial glow,  
Our President.

And so, kind friend, we wish it said,  
May joy and peace to you be nigh  
Through life's short day, where e'er  
you go,  
Our President.

Through joy and pain, divinely  
led,  
May blessings all about you lie  
As soft and white as mellowed snow.  
Our President.

THE SECRETS OF THE DUNES  
(Prof. H. T. Blodgett)

A place of moaning wind, and beating  
surf,  
A weary waste of restless, shifting  
sand  
Heaped here and there in ranks of  
low-browed hills,  
A desolate—an unregarded land,

A neutral ground, between the field  
and flood,  
Where winter gales in savage temper  
blow,  
Where wind-torn pine, and sedge and  
creeping rush  
Alone find root and hardihood to  
grow.

No murmur'ing note from wide-leaved

forest trees;  
No song from throat of sweet famil-  
iar bird;  
Alone, the sighing whispers of the  
pines  
And sand-snipe's dreary piping cry is  
heard.

Yet God, e'en here, has not forgot  
the place;  
For here, encircled close by sheltering  
hills  
And hidden fast by leafy willow  
hedge,  
His hand the cup of beauty over-fills.

Close covered here lie shallow mossy  
pools  
Girt round with flags, and grown with  
tender grass;  
A place where careless wand'ers  
never stray,  
A place where idle footsteps never  
pass.

Fast hidden here within these shy re-  
treats,  
Fair flowers are found, most delicate  
and rare;  
And here to ward from desecrating  
feet,  
Gray hills about stand guard with  
jealous care.

Here twin-flowers grow, and breathe  
their sweet perfume;  
Here richest orchids all in splendor  
glow;  
Here Indian-pipes, with bowls of  
creamy wax,  
And all in white, the sweetest lilies  
blow.

For here God works as in the primal  
day,  
His shaping hand is seen in leaf and  
flower;  
The spot is sacred to creative sway,  
In love divine He shows His sovereign  
power.

The crested dunes that fall away to  
meet  
The surf that rolls in changeless  
monotone,  
Their guarded secret safely keep, and  
tell  
No tale of aught but fields forlorn  
and lone.

No matter whether storms tempestu-  
ous fall,  
Or gentle summer breezes softly blow;  
Like Sphinx of old, the great gray  
dunes, for us  
Their friends, keep well the tale  
alone we know.



## A FRIEND

To Adaline Eugenia Stanley  
a friend to all  
(Prof. S. L. Miller)

Poets tell in sweetest words  
Blessings that a friend affords;  
Many rich, deep thoughts they bring;  
Many wondrous songs they sing.  
Though their words and lays are  
sweet,

Never are they quite complete;  
Somehow songs cannot express  
Friendship's wealth of loveliness,  
Nor a world of books portray  
Her kind deeds from day to day.

When the world with luster gleams  
From a wealth of rosy beams,  
And we smile along life's way,  
Plucking flowers bright and gay,  
Then a friend with cheery song  
Hastens, as we pass along,  
To express without alloy  
Gladness for our new found joy;  
Doubly thus enriching things  
With the gift of love he brings.

But when clouds of darkening night  
Gloom the sun's last rays of light,  
Then our friend a kindness shows,  
Drops a tender word that glows  
With a diamond ray, which seems  
Vari-colored as it gleams  
Through the dull gray, which imbues  
Glorious shadings to its hues,  
Causing every act to shine  
With a sunset glow divine.

Though we chance to be removed  
From this friend, so prized and loved,  
Yet sweet friendship's flower will  
bloom

On and on through light and gloom,  
As remembrance, like the dew,  
Moistens it each day anew;  
And its fragrance fills the air  
With sweet odor, rich and rare,  
When the darkness quite conceals  
All the beauty it reveals.

What would be the intrinsic worth  
Of the vast domains of earth,  
Or the wealth so madly sought,  
With the treasures it has brought,  
If this truth we never learn,  
As each page of life we turn:-  
Aspirations noblest end  
Is to have and be a friend.

## OLD FATHER TOCK

(Prof. B. R. Pogue)

"How many hours," said old Father  
Tock,

"Do you think I have ticked from this  
old clock?"

It's been sixty three years since I  
started to turn  
Out the minutes and hours from this  
tick-tock concern,  
And if you should count them I'm  
sure you would find  
I've been pretty faithful at my daily  
grind,  
Keeping the ticks and tocks in pairs,  
Assembling the minutes in my up-  
stairs.

"And what do you think," said old  
Father Tock,

"That I may have seen while making  
up stock?"

I've seen the young farmer come in  
with his bride,  
And if I'd had tears I think I'd have  
cried.

The time he brought home a little  
high-chair;  
And the mother taught her children  
their very first prayer.

I've seen parties and weddings and  
long winter nights

When the old folks sat reading by  
the kerosene lights.

"And what do you think," said old  
Father Tock,

"That I may have heard from this  
old clock?"

I've heard the clatter of children come  
home,

Like honey bees back to the old  
honey comb,

And the shouts of a grandson leav-  
ing the house

With great ginger cookies tucked  
into his blouse,

And heard Grandma say in her kindly  
way,

"I'll have to be baking most every  
day."

"And how do you think," said old  
Father Tock,

"That I may feel toward this multi-  
plied flock?"

I feel like using my hands in applause  
For the way they support the home-  
maker's cause.

They show by the joy there is in their  
life

That home is a pleasure, not mis'ry  
and strife,

And when they say grace at the  
family board

I almost stop ticking while they  
worship the Lord."

## THE WINTER WIND

(By Vice President B. W. Ayres)

O Winter Wind! you've long delayed  
Your chilling breath and cold  
embrace;

But now you come quite unafraid,  
And are at home in ev'ry place.

Though timely warnings you've not  
spared,

And often whistled in the trees,  
Yet you have caught us unprepared—  
So prone is man to take his ease.

I've seen you, too, at break of day  
Dodge 'round the corner of the house,  
As some fond lover seeks to pay  
A visit to his future spouse.

I've heard you rambling through the  
corn,

And sallying from the western sky,  
As on your playful wings were borne  
The loosening leaves, as you went by.

I've seen you chasing leaves along  
Like dancing fairies on the ground;  
And heard afar your doleful song  
That should have been a warning  
sound.

'Then hiding for a week or two,  
You gave us ample time, indeed,  
For preparation which we know  
'Twas best to make for winter's need.

But you are here this very hour;  
And while you chill us through and  
through

And we are subject to your pow'r,  
We know 'tis best to yield to you.

Your discipline unpleasant is,  
But quite conducive to our health  
And we are now assured of this—  
Contributes something to our wealth.

Our life is richer for the change  
From summer's sultry atmosphere;  
New vigor makes for fuller range  
Of life—a sense of power and cheer.

True, we must say good bye to flow'r,  
To happy bird that daily sings,  
The tender grass, the restful bow'r,  
The vine that to its trellis clings.

But your skilled hand, with matchless  
art,

With crystal paint and mystic brush  
In beauty forms that thrill the heart  
Will slyly come in night's deep hush.



## THE SNOW

(Mrs. Etta Ayres)

And trace the ghosts of flow'r and  
fern  
Upon the waiting window pane.  
We shall perhaps, this lesson learn;  
That what we counted loss is gain.

Now, Winter Wind, you're not so  
mean  
When fairly judged, when treated  
right;  
You compensate for summer's green  
With diamond dust and ermine white.

For emerald and dusky brown,  
Your whirring wings of snowy white  
From air and sky bring dancing down  
The stars: and earth is paved with  
light.

So you are welcome, Winter Wind!  
Though at the first I seemed to close  
My heart's hard door, and feel unkind  
As from your twilight haunts you  
rose.

But on the poor who chill and freeze,  
Who fight your icy breath in vain,  
Who cringe and cow'r, have mercy,  
please,  
And compensate for fateful pain.

Where cozy comfort sits at ease,  
Where full Satiety reclines,  
Where greedy Wealth, itself to please,  
Sleeps in warm bed, and richly dines.

There make your sad and woeful  
wail—  
Your quiv'ring, murm'ring mournful  
moan  
Till sleeping Pity can not fail,  
With suffering Need, within to groan;

To lift the latch against you barred,  
And startle from their selfishness  
This trinity of hearts so hard,  
Who live for what they now possess;

And conscience stir: desire for good—  
The will to help, the will to share,  
The will to human brotherhood,  
The will to do, the heart to care.

Call Mercy forth in garments warm,  
And human helpfulness inspire  
And compensate for outer harm  
With human love and inner fire.

The snow-flakes all white, like bees  
in a swarm,  
Came fluttering down to the earth so  
brown;

They spread over all a blanket so  
warm,  
And treated alike the city and town.

The fields that were bare and the  
woodlands brown,  
Each fence-post and stump in the  
fading light,  
Each house by the road, like city and  
town,  
Were all covered up with a garment  
white.

In city and town in the dawning light  
'Mid traffic's mad whirl and the speed-  
ing feet,  
The snow that was pure that fell in  
the night  
Was soon trampled down in the filth  
of the street.

The blessings of God fall thick on us  
all;  
But often we spurn them as onward  
we go.  
Lord, help us to follow Thee at Thy  
call,  
And keep us as pure as the falling  
snow.

## TOILERS

(Mrs. H. B. Evans)

The day had been a busy one.  
I sat beside the fireside bright  
And tho't of other weary folk.  
The millions also in the fight  
Before me passed in endless streams—  
Where toil these sons and daughters  
all?  
They work in air, on earth, on sea,  
Above, below, where'er the call.  
With hand and head and heart they  
toil

So wearily for you and me;  
Yet we so seldom stop to breathe  
A prayer for them, and wish them  
free,  
As in monotony of mill  
Or in the depths where darkness  
reigns  
Or tilling day by day the field  
Which brings to us the wholesome  
grains.

In mill, in mine, in field they work:  
Much happiness in toil some find,  
While others oft their duty shirk,  
And every hour is ceaseless grind.  
But sweet the tho't of work well done,  
When at the close of day they meet  
And talk of all their vict'ries won,  
And kneel before the mercy seat.

The greatest worker ever known,  
Was Christ the man of Galilee,  
Who died, but rose and on a throne  
Reigns King of earth and sky and sea.  
No work was ever more complete  
Than was the Christ's; and on the  
cross  
His "Seven words" He did repeat,  
While saving all mankind from loss.

The parent, teacher, those who strive  
To guide the young in heart and mind,  
Oft in obscurity they toil;  
But O the rich reward they'll find,  
When tasks of earth forever cease,  
And He, who through them all was  
Friend,  
Shall say to workers great and small—  
"My joy is yours without an end."

O blest are those, who, as they toil,  
Have this assurance day by day:  
The master workman gives to me  
This task; He bids me watch and  
pray;  
He gives the strength, the faith I  
need;  
He sees me now; He knows each test.  
If strong and true to Him I prove,  
Then life's last day will give me rest.

## THE GOSPEL IN THE AIR

Radio Hymn

(President John Paul)

Unseen are we, and yet our voice  
Across the mystic ether sounds  
With news that bids all men rejoice,  
Proclaiming grace where sin abounds.

As words of men have conquered  
space  
And challenged hearts on land and  
sea,  
So now God's living words of grace  
Come to us from eternity.

From heaven's balcony on high,  
The Son of God sounds forth His call;  
His temple is the vaulted sky,  
His tidings come alike to all:

The news of Calvary's cure for sin,  
Which tells of One who breaks the  
tomb;  
Of Christ the Savior's love for men,  
Of heaven the soul's eternal home.



## Excerpt from the Pageant

## ALMA MATER

Prof. L. P. Boggs)

Service: All these are the children of Play and Service, Alma Mater, going out into a world which is very weary, very bruised, broken and bleeding from the impact of the selfish forces which have sought to coin human flesh into shekels of gold and silver; very stained and soiled from the greed that would take profit from despoiling and debauching the innocence of childhood and the freshness and purity of youth. Humanity stands shamed and horror stricken before the spectacle sights of sorrow and distress which have followed the holocaust of war; it stands despairing in the midst of its racial hatreds, its class struggles and its wasteful competition for the things that do not satisfy. Do but commission me, Service, to baptize every student of learning and labor who enters your doors with the spirit of service, so that he or she shall go forth, even to the uttermost parts of the world to proclaim the reign of peace which comes to all men of good will.

Play: Commission me too, O beloved Alma Mater, that I may live with every student and go with him as he leaves a guardian angel to strengthen him, to purify him for the tasks which fall to him, so that he may pass immune through scenes of horror, temptation and pain, with the glory and joy of the conqueror

## APART

(Prof. S. L. Miller)

Have you learned, when cares oppress the heart,  
With Christ to come apart,  
And find in Him sweet comfort blest  
And rest?

Do you close the sanctum door on  
martyr

And throng and each distracting  
guest?

Do you seek Him early, ask His plan  
For you, in the day that just began;  
What word

He wishes you to speak, or thought  
unheard

On which your soul should meditate,  
or deed to man

Of kindness, long by you deferred,  
Because of vision blurred?

As you then on His bosom lean,  
In the innermost circle of love serene  
And calm and still,

Do you list to His whispered confidence, until

No clamoring voice can come between  
Your best desires and His most holy will?

If thus you gaze unhurried on that face,

So tender with condoning grace,  
Till love

Links your affections firm with things above,

Be sure the impress of that holy place

No beauteous charm can from your soul remove.

Then let earth's pleasures pale, so  
Christ shall be

A living bright reality,

A heavenly Bridegroom, with His bride

By faith to abide

In sweetest fellowship, till He

Shall call the purified, made white and tried

To be forever at His side.

## STREAMS OF LIFE

(Prof. L. F. Cline)

Tune: "Savior more than Life to Me"

Streams of love from God I see,

Just now penetrate and cover me,

Hide me from sin's fiery dart

Hurled so fiercely, fiercely at my heart.

## Chorus

Streams of life, streams of life,  
Flowing always through the strife;

May thy crystal drops descend,  
Soothe me ever, ever to the end.

Streams of joy serene, divine,  
Descend softly to this heart of mine;  
Bring me bliss supreme, unknown,  
From the holy, holy, righteous throne.

Streams of light from Glory-Land,  
Shine through Heaven's veil drawn  
by God's hand;  
Fill me now with hopeful sight,  
Show things lovely, lovely, true, and right.

Streams of peace hallowed and still,  
Sent direct in God's own blessed will;  
Flood my soul with sweet content,  
Revive gently, gently life's intent.

## PRESENT YOUR BODIES

(Mrs. M. G. Wray, Moody Bible Institute)

My hands? Could His dear will  
Their fragile strength employ?  
Master, I lay them now in Thine,  
For servile task, or deed benign,—  
Thy bidding all my joy—  
To toil, or to be still.

My feet? Their stumbling tread  
The heavenly way pursue?  
Ah, dearest joy to follow Thee,  
The path or strait or rugged be,  
Or, by the waters blue—  
So by Thy hand I'm led.

My tongue? His praise reveal?  
The kingly mercies of my Lord?  
That falt'ring lips, at such behest,  
Persuasive speak the message blest  
With glowing coal, O Living Words,  
Upon them put the seal!

Prostrate before the Cross, at last,  
My hands, my feet, myself I cast,—  
To speak, to go to act for One,  
So much for me hath borne, hath done.

Or gnarled rod, or golden pen,  
Unto the altar bringing them,  
Offering acceptable will be,  
So God hath wrought His will in me.

## THE FIRST VIOLETS

(Miss M. Schwark)

Down the old, old, brick-paved streets  
Mosaic with cement;  
Across the bridge and down a hill  
'Neath trees with green new-pent.  
Thru' a cool, short, down-hill path  
The foot-bridge is in sight.  
Mount the fence and walk the logs.  
It's narrow, hold on tight!

Here on the marshy, brookside land  
And up a gentle slope  
Touch a tree with finger-tips and note

The green that brings new hope.  
Little leaflets burst their bounds  
And cling to gnarled bark,  
Braving wind to greet the sun.  
Grass lifts its head from earthy dark.  
Questing glances caught a glimpse  
Beneath the green, of blue.  
Down on knees you cup a hand  
About a flower that grew—  
The first to greet the winds of Spring  
And lift its face to you!



### DOWN IN THE DEAR OLD PASTURE

(Prof. H. T. Blodgett)

A frog sitting on a bulrush catching  
now and then  
A bug.  
A boy with his left toe tied up in a  
dirty rag, his  
Pocket full of stones:  
In goes the frog,  
Kerchug.  
The breeze chatters the dry milkweed  
pods.  
Nearby three grasshoppers hold a  
campmeeting  
On a mustard leaf..  
A red cow stands udder-deep in the  
pond,  
Struggling to regurgitate her reluc-  
tant cud;  
Her tail aswitch throws turbid water  
upon adjacent  
Violets.  
Impish pollywogs wave opaque tails  
and smile in ghoulish glee.  
Life holds sway.  
The grass continues to grow with an  
inaudible sound.  
The boy reviving mental impressions  
of circular pancakes,  
Throws his last stone at a wood-  
pecker and  
Hastens hurriedly homeward.  
A wise crow sitting on the terminal  
sliver  
Of an old stub  
Croaks,  
"How peculiar!"  
The distant barn echoes back,  
"Sure enough!"

### UNTRAMMELED VERSE

(Prof. G. L. Crozier, Marion College)

I don't mind free verse  
Fact is,  
I've come to rather like it;  
Its advantages are so obvious.  
First the scallopy margins are at-  
tractive to the eye,  
Even tho the cadence screeches with  
rust.  
Again it has such  
Column-filling virtues  
That any editor would be glad to get  
it.

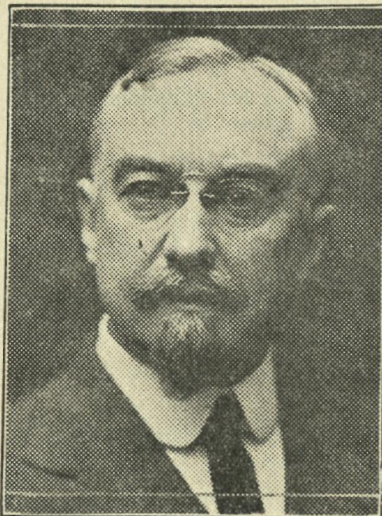
\*\*\*

By the way, tell me how you like  
This modern poetry.  
Opinions vary.  
Some can't abide it and  
Think it vile.  
Others say it is the greatest thing in  
the world.

\*\*\*

I am grieved to see how it utilizes

Space,  
Which oft times might be used more  
profitably  
To show a curious public  
How "Danderine" can produce such a  
marvelous  
Growth of hair,  
Or what the "fifty-seven varieties"  
are.  
But what gets on my nerves  
Is that you never can be sure  
That it is poetry.



Clarence True Wilson, who is to deliver the commencement address this June.

### NORTHERN OHIO STUDENT VOLUNTEER UNION

The sixth annual conference of the Northern Ohio Student Volunteer Union convened at the College of Wooster, Wooster, Ohio, on March 6, 7, 8, 1925. The fourteen colleges and universities cooperating in the Union were represented by approximately 200 delegates. Telegraphic greetings were exchanged with the Southern Ohio Student Volunteer Union, the Texas Student Volunteer and others in session at the same time.

The College of Wooster consists of eight or ten massive structures of stone, ornamental and sufficiently well built to meet the marks of time for decades to come. These buildings together with the beautiful campus give a most impressive effect and should enable any student within its halls to master the most difficult subjects of learning, if massiveness and beauty can do that. The present enrollment of the College of Wooster is over 800.

Taylor Auditorium in which the sessions of the Conference were held was crowded at almost every service in as much as large numbers of the students as well as residents of the City of Wooster and surrounding towns attended. Luncheon and dinner to delegates and visitors were served in the large Kauka Social Hall and provided by the hostess.

The Conference concluded at 11 A. M. Sunday, when all delegates were invited to attend the morning service of the Westminster Presbyterian Church at the College Memorial Chapel, a beautiful edifice of stone, where Rev. G. N. Luccock, D. D., college minister, formerly college pastor of a Central Indiana institution, preached an impressive sermon on Paul the Missionary. At 3 P. M. in the same church a Vesper Service was held, when the Girls Clee Club of Wooster College rendered most beautifully, "The Life of Christ". The contralto solo, "Magdalena" and the anthems, "Christ the Lord is Risen", and "I know that my Redeemer Liveth" were commended by many.

Officers of the Northern Ohio Student Volunteer Union are: President, Manhattan Lengel, Wooster College, who was also the Chairman of the Conference; Vice President, Bertha Bates, Oberlin College; Secretary and Treasurer, Marion Hurlburt, Defiance College. These officers together with the officers of the Conference had prepared a most excellent program.

Adjoining Taylor Auditorium were two large rooms of exhibits of African, Indian, Chinese, Korean and Japanese articles. There were ladies dressed in costume representing these countries.

The main objective of this Conference was fourfold: first, to intensify the purpose of Student Volunteers; second, to enlist other students to engage their lives in foreign mission service; third, to face up to the responsibility for and to give mutual help in the work of furthering foreign missionary activities in the colleges represented by the delegates; fourth, to deepen and broaden the spiritual lives of all the delegates.

The Conference Motto was, "Not by might, nor by power, but BY MY SPIRIT, Zech. 4:6". The Conference Hymn was, "Spirit of God Descend upon my Heart".

Speakers of the Conference were as follows: Robert P. Wilder, son of  
(Continued on page 15)



## TAYLOR UNIVERSITY ECHO

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COMMON SENSE AND WILL  
POWER

—Or—

## MENTAL VACCINATION

Several days ago I asked myself, "Why is there so much procrastination among students? Why do professors and organization officials have to plead with students to give just an hour a week to really worth-while projects? And why can't every student find at least a half hour a day to get out doors and breath some real ozone and give himself a chance to grow?" In other words, why don't students do things? We always have an alibi; we're busy. What's the matter, have we bitten off more than we can chew? Perhaps that's one of the disadvantages of a small school; there's so many extra cirricular activities that

there's not enough students to go around. But Taylor University is not always going to be small, so that difficulty will be removed. However, while it is as it is there must be a solution to the problem.

Yes, I know we have tackled quite a number of things, and we've "gotten by" with them. But does just "getting by" furnish a gratifying sense of achievement and triumph.

If I should ask how many of you are satisfied with your achievements, or satisfied that what you do is done to the best of your ability, two thirds of you would be compelled by your conscience to say "no". And I would have to say, "me too". Now what's the matter with us? Don't we care, or are we lazy? If either, then the latter. But surely not the former, for

I believe we do care. All of us want to do better than the majority of us are doing. But for some reason we can't make it; or I should say we don't make it, for I believe we can, meaning that we are able. And if we are able, and really try, but don't succeed in getting it across, then what's wrong? There's just one answer, and we don't need an expert diagnostician to tell us, its mental inefficiency. Now you are disappointed; you thought I was going to tell you something you had never heard before. I'm sorry. But inefficiency may have a thousand and one causes. And that's our problem, to determine the half dozen causes out of the thousand and one that are most responsible for our inefficiency.

The best example of mental efficiency that I know of is displayed in the Rev. Dr. A. P. Gouthey who lectured here a week or two ago. Dr. Gouthey took his Doctor's degree by correspondence from a University that maps out one of the stiffest three year courses in the country; and he did it, with his thesis complete, in less than one year. At the same time he was preaching every day, besides being a hard student of world problems.

Now someone is aching to say that he was never intended to be as brilliant as that. I didn't say you were. Efficiency doesn't mean that you will be as brilliant and accomplish as much as someone whom you consider to be a whirlwind. But it does mean that you will be working pretty close to your fullest capacity most of the time. Now you want to ask me, "how do you know that I'm not working my fullest capacity?" All right; are you an average human being? Well, anyway, you're not admitting that you are below the average. And the average individual is not more than fifty per cent efficient. Now your only hope of escape is up; and I know from observation that very few of us are above the average. But it is not because we do not have the ability. We can be above the average just as well as not, if we'll get hold of ourselves and get down to brass tacks on this efficiency proposition. How? I'm telling you how; that is, if you will condescend to take counsel from me. No? Then I'm telling you anyway. My prescription—remember, its for you and me both—"is common sense and

(Continued on page 13)



# ORGANIZATIONS

## MNANKA DEBATING CLUB

On March 14, the Mnanka Debating Club elected its officers for the spring term.

President, Elsie Kellar  
Vice President, Sybil Blake  
Secretary, Helen Shoemaker  
Asst. Secretary, Martha Lindsey  
Treasurer, Irma Dare  
Censor, Mrs. Duryea  
Asst. Censor, Mrs. Weber  
Chaplain, Mildred Radaker  
Reporter, Mary Stoke  
Critic, Ethel Buffington  
Sergeant at Arms, Margaret Baldwin

Cheer Leader, Ruth Bouquard

Asst. Cheer Leader, Charlotte Teed

At the meeting on March 28, an interesting debate on the question: Resolved, that the single woman has greater advantages for social service in the world than the married woman, was participated in by Harriet Leisure and Esther Carman on the affirmative, and Kathryn Bieri and Martha Kern on the Negative. The Negative won the decision, but perhaps the Affirmative debaters had to argue against their own convictions. Mildred Radaker, the critic for the evening, gave a good criticism of the debate.

## EUREKA DEBATING CLUB

On Saturday evening, March 14, the Eureka elected the following officers for the spring term:

President, Raymond Squire  
Vice President, Herbert Lyons  
Secretary, Lowell Stevens  
Asst. Secretary, Paul Kepple  
Treasurer, Norman Rose  
Critic, Marcius Taber

Board of Censors:

Maynard Ketcham, Chairman  
Erwin Bailey  
Earl Allen

S. Dale Tarbell

Chaplain, Ezra Steiner  
Sergeant at Arms, Lester Trout  
Librarian, Fenton Abrams  
Reporter, Otoshige Takechi

## HOLINESS LEAGUE

On account of the special meeting for the ladies in the society hall, the Holiness League met in the chapel on Friday, March 27. Only fifteen young men were present in the service. We sang hymns—many of them. The service was an all-prayer meeting. It lasted two hours and the result was a general rejoicing in the manifestation of the spirit of the Lord. Praises and testimonies ended the service.

Our spring revival is all over now, but let us keep the revival spirit of God actively living in our hearts. All those who are rejoicing with recent victories and those whose faith has been refreshed and strengthened in the recent meetings are asked to come to the Holiness League meetings. Others who want to hear from God, come also, and let us help you mail your prayers to heaven.

—Reporter.

## PRAYER BAND

Just as we may test the spiritual atmosphere of a church by its prayer meetings, we may test the spiritual atmosphere of Taylor by its Prayer Band. If it were not for the prayers of the Christian people this school would not be where it is today. And by the help of students who know how to pray, God's work is continuing.

In the past the Prayer Band has been a great source of blessing to those who have assembled, and much has been accomplished. Students came to these meetings making known their requests and by God's power their prayers were answered and definite results followed.

As the new term opens, we are looking forward to still greater things. God is able if we but trust Him. If you have a burden for souls and desire a blessing from God, come out to Prayer Band which meets every Tuesday evening from six-thirty to seven-thirty.

—Reporter.

## VOLUNTEER BAND

The Volunteer Band and the gospel teams met together on Monday evening March 30. After several songs and testimonies, Mr. Ockenga spoke for a short time. The chief thing emphasized during the whole meeting was our need of God's leadership, not only as individuals but as a school and as gospel teams. Have we been depending upon ourselves too much? Have we been looking to men and not to God for the things that we need? If we have, may the Lord forgive us and help us to look to Him from whom all things come. Friends and fellow students, we need to spend more time in prayer and meditation. Let us give God a chance to mold our lives—to prepare us for service here at Taylor and for service wherever He may lead.

—Reporter.

## The Puzzled Critic

A musical critic was once asked by a girl for an opinion on her voice. After hearing two verses of a song he stopped her. "Tell me," he said, "are you very fond of music?"

"Oh, yes, immensely," she replied in a voice brimming over with enthusiasm.

The critic raised his eyebrows, looked intensely puzzled and answered: "That's very curious."

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(Continued from page 2)  
same condition. God help the world. There is an alliance between Japan, Germany, Turkey and Russia. With such an alliance perfected and moving forward, there is need of great preparedness. Japan is building great aeroplanes and German airmen are training the Japanese. We are near the precipitum of another crisis. Japan wants the Philippines and if she gets them we must needs protect our coast. Turkey wants some of England's territory. Such a combination could easily make it very interesting for the world. If another war would come it would last possibly two weeks at the most. Why not longer? There would be nothing left.

The world is no longer large, and when people think they must think in terms of the world—a world crisis in that sense is worse, for, what ever affects one nation affects the world. Whether they desire to be affected or not. Another war would make this last war look like a skirmish. Another war is likely to be a war between the yellow and white races and between Mohammedism and Christianity. This has much to do with us in every way. The nation is suffering particularly politically. As long as there are men who can corner a crop in the United States and boost prices, there is no democracy. Fifty per cent of the population in the United States are alien in the first generation, thirty-five and eight tenths per cent of them are illiterate, and this refers to the rudiments of education. The people who are coming here are not being assimilated for we have no scientific process for it and never have had. The birth rate is low in the best classes of people. We are swamped with illiteracy. The Jews were a nation chosen of God, which gave to us all that we have. The fact that they have wealth is the fault of the gentiles. We can not say what the future of the black man is to be, for he is only a generative of slavery.

In our day we have a different battle line than our fathers had. We have new dangers and perplexing situations which will take more heroism to face the battle line than it took two hundred years ago. The alien problem is a problem. Fifty per cent of the best Anglo Saxon stock has run out. The immigrants speak many languages and live as exclusively to themselves as if they were not here. Great legislation does not approach

a solution. There is no way to regulate the problem as long as we let them in. A scientific constructive program collides with Big Business. The big manufacturers want the aliens because they are cheap labor.

A world democracy does not mean anything. We are not able to deal in masses. Christ was an individualist. He regenerated the individual. He sanctified the individual and then society. We use vague terms and shift the responsibility. Not one person in five hundred is ready for a pure democracy. The man with a holy heart is the only one that is ready. Labor and capital are made up of individuals. Our social problem is appalling. No civilization can stand against it. Our great social problem is delinquency, which has increased two hundred per cent in two years. The most desperate criminals are mere children.

Another problem is our religious problem. When fifty per cent of the people do not go to church, and with the Bible out of the public schools, no family altar, and when the parents are not spiritual, where are the children going to get religious training? This is our battle line. Nothing is being done about the problems. We will either Christianize them or they will damn us. We can hardly preserve ourselves. Facts are facts and they do not lie. But you ask what does John the Baptist have to do with this situation? Much every way. He came at the time of a world crisis. The nation chosen of God faced a crisis. They had been conquered by world powers, and the laws which were given were trampled upon, the prophets saw no visions. The world was parting and there was no safety for Israel.

The civilization of the world must be purged so that there can go out from it a gulf stream of spiritual energy to the other nations. A nation has no chance unless God does what He always does, walks in unannounced. We want the will of God. Man's programs always come to naught. 'What works, works and what don't, don't.'

There is another problem that others did not have. There has been a failure of every kind of government. This is true of all society, politically, industrially, and religiously. What will God do and say? The truth needs no tinkering. We need to change our programs. Crowds are hungry for truth. Every time a nation comes to

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a crisis, God has done only one thing. He has walked to the threshold and has chosen a man. That man became the pillar of the nations hopes. The same was true in John the Baptists day. A world crisis had come and there was God, that he saw from God's viewpoint. We have some need of a man now. Never before was the world without him. A man is needed to marshall the church to a revival. A man is God's method, a man sent out qualified yet having a vision from God. His thought runs parallel with God's thought, and he has one fervor, to be burnt out and used for the salvation of civilization. Men are God's method. God does not want programs and machinery alone. He raises up a man which that day calls blessed.

Reported by D. K. A.

(Continued from page 9)  
will power". What proportion? Considerably more of the former, but a positive amount of the latter. It's just like vaccinating pigs. If you should give a young porker a shot of virus without giving him a considerable amount of serum to counteract it, it would wreck him. On the other hand, any amount of serum would do him no harm; neither would it do him any good. So it is with us. Will power alone would wreck us; We must have common sense to check it. But the common sense would not get us very far without will power to carry out what our common sense tells us to do.

I think it unnecessary to point out specific instances of what I'm talking about. You can do that for yourselves. In some instances our problems are probably widely different; in others, practically identical. The latter is true perhaps in the problem relating to our lack of will powers. Remember that a person has no more will power than he uses.

—B. O'Riginal.

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They met on the bridge at midnight,  
Never to meet again.  
One was a two-year old heifer,  
The other an east-bound train.

On the order of service of All Sands Universalist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., for Sunday, March 23, these two items appeared together: The sermon "Thou Shalt Not Steal." Offering—"Steal Away" (Negro Spiritual)—Universalist Leader.

#### Riddles

Why are carpenters the least help to their wives around the house? Ans.: They always make a bolt for the door when their wives ask them to help with the work.

Why do dressmakers have to see oculists often?—Ans.: They are always getting hooks in their eyes.

What is it that, when bolted down, won't stay down?—Ans.: Food.

Outside of honey bees, what is the most useful to farmers?—Ans.: A husking bee.

What bee is the most useful to teachers?—Ans.: A spelling bee.

#### A Version Often Followed

Asked by her Sunday School teacher to give the Bible verse for that day's lesson, a little western girl replied: "Go ye into all the world and spread the gossip to all the people."  
—Boston Transcript.

#### An Intelligence Test

Ada R.—"If a farmer has four thousand bushels of wheat, and sells them at sixty cents a bushel, what would he get?"

Mosser—"An automobile!"

Mrs. Bishop—"If you die first will you wait for me on the other side?"

Mr. Bishop—"Sure, I have waited for you every place we wanted to go since we were married."

She was a thrifty housewife, and she went to the corner store to buy some soap. It was eight cents a bar.

"Will you sell it three for a quarter?" asked the lady. A queer expression crossed the clerk's face.

"Well, we don't usually sell it at that price," he replied, "but if you want it at that, you may have it." And the thrifty housewife never "tumbled" until she told it at the supper table that night.

"You can't see Mr. White," said the sharpened-faced woman to the political canvasser.

"But I want to find out what party he belongs to," said the canvasser.

"I can tell you that," said the woman, "take a good look at me; I'm the party he belongs to."

A city chap passed a boy husking corn and remarked, "Your corn looks yellow."

"That's the kind Pa planted."

"Looks as though you wouldn't get over a half a crop," said the city boy.

"We won't. The landlord gets the other half."

"You're pretty near a fool, aren't you?" asked the city boy.

"Yep," the country lad replied, "within ten feet."

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HARTFORD CITY, IND.



(Continued from page 8)

a missionary, missionary himself, founder of the Student Volunteer Movement, at present its General Secretary; Dr. H. B. Dinwiddie, General Secretary of the Pioneer Mission Agency; Rev. T. W. Graham of Oberlin Graduate School; Dr. P. C. McDowell, Presbyterian medical missionary to Persia; Dr. J. A. Hoffman, medical missionary to China; Miss Ethel Nicholas, traveling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement and under appointment to sail; Dr. Miss Franke of Wooster under appointment to sail soon; Miss Cora Walton, missionary to China; Rev. Christian Borup and Rev. E. B. Steiner, both missionaries to India.

Dr. Dinwiddie conducted a 30 minute Bible Study at each of the five sessions, with the exception of Saturday morning, when Mr. Wilder spoke on prayer. Mr. Wilder spends two hours daily in Bible study, prayer and meditation and he knows his Lord. Dr. Dinwiddie likewise is a man of prayer. He also understands the weaknesses and the temptations of students of this age, and knows how to help them. From his talks on prayer, power and service, one recognizes his experience with young men. He says that he finds so much doubt in students, as he travels from college to college. He is a man deeply grounded in the fundamental truths of the Bible.

At the opening session Friday evening, the President of Wooster College gave the welcome address. This followed by Robert P. Wilder, who gave the principal address of the evening on the subject, The Student Volunteer Movement and the Unfinished Task. Mr. Wilder being connected with the Student Volunteer Movement from its infancy and with an experience of almost 40 years, has a rich heritage to pass on. Speaking of the unfinished task, Mr. Wilder said, "One half of the world's population has not yet heard of Jesus Christ".

(Continued next issue)

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